N°. VIII.

THE

THESPIAN MIRROR.

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 15, 1806.

FOR THE THESPIAN MIRROR.

[*IT may perhaps raise a smile in some of our readers, to peruse the following account, (drawn up by a literary friend,) of the great collection of juvenile performers, with which the European stage is at present infested; and it cannot but excite their* pity *to consider that perhaps* two thirds *of these* "YOUNG ROSCIUSES *and* ROSCIAS," *are as ignorant in other respects, as they are said to be excellent in the histrionick art. We could apply to such* "phenomena" *the old and excellent fable of the* "Youth and the Philosopher."]

AN ACCURATE LIST OF THE INFANT PRODIGIES OF THE DRAMATIC ART, AS THEY APPEAR AT PRESENT BEFORE THE BRITISH AND IRISH PUBLIC.

Miss A. S. Mudie, aged not quite seven years, who has acquired in the theatrical world the appellation of the female phenomenon, and whose performances have at least the credit of being much admired in Belfast and Dublin.

Miss Fisher, aged twelve, who has recently sustained some of Mrs. Jordan's characters at Drury Lane.

Miss Freron, the infant Billington, only eight years of age, possessing surprising power and melody of voice.

Miss Lee Sugg, aged seven, the infant Billington and Roscia.

Miss Saunders, the infant Columbine.

Master William Henry West Betty, aged thirteen, commonly called the Young Roscius.

Roscius the second, whose name is *Frederick Brown*, has lately been exhibiting in the West of England, is twelve years of age, and has performed Hamlet, and many other characters, so the accounts say, '*equal to Kemble*'.

The Ormskirk Roscius, aged thirteen, a young gentleman who, in imitation of the philosopher of antiquity, chooses to be called by the name of the Town most celebrated for his exertion of talent.

Master Wigley, aged four years, a proficient on the *bugle horn*!!! He made his first appearance June 17, at Drury Lane.

Master Mori, the Young Orpheus, about eight years of age. As this little gentleman is said to be really deserving of his title and can imitate the surprising powers of the great musician of Thrace, he was recommended to the managers of Drury Lane Theatre, where he made his first appearance on the 18th of May last.

Master Byrne, aged nine, who is called a very fascinating little fellow.

Master Saunders, aged fourteen, the Infant Clown.

The Comic Roscius, aged thirteen, whose name we have not learnt.

For the Thespian Mirror.

A FRAGMENT.

(Concluded from No. 6.)

——————————Men of superficial or mere calculating minds, (and they may be stiled the *world* for they compose at least two thirds of it) who never vary from the common level, who know nothing of the elevation of enthusiasm, nor ever bathe in the Lethe of the soul—Men who consider interest as supplanting all that is splendid in sentiment, and the world a mere *Counting House* for its computation—such men will point you to yonder *lusus naturæ*, who unites in the same person, the rosy contentment of youth, with the leaden apathy of age. I see him stalk by demure and upright. His step is grave and measured, and his conduct is as grave and measured as his gait. He thanks his God that he is not like yon *Poet*, whom he would be almost inclined to pity—but he pities from *principle*. He looks thoughtful—you imagine him to be occupied with some mighty project—He ruminates on the expence of fuel! You hear him sigh—Alas! you would say, the image of some cruel fair one extorts this tribute to her charms—He sighs over the exorbitance of a Porter!! As to *marriage*, this prudent young man will never bind himself to its duties, until he can make a *good bargain;* and *love* (God grant me his phlegm) if laughing was not too near a kin to *merriment*, he would laugh out of all repute. In short he never goes a moment, but when *wound up* by the world; and his bitterest foe cannot accuse him of having produced any thing out of the beaten track, in *thought, word* or *deed*. Oh *rara avis* of thy kind! Oh fit candidate for fame! We will decree thee a

a crown of Laurel, but it shall be interwoven with the foliage of the Poppy.

The want of this even tenor of feeling and of action, was perhaps the basis of all the censure which Alberto afterwards experienced. His studies and his pleasures did not succeed each other at stated intervals. They were like the changing aspect of an April sky. Sometimes dull, indolent and inactive; emulation, and the generous love of fame would slumber in his bosom. His eye ran unconsciously over the page, and memory and conception seemed to have fled him for ever. These were his wretched moments; and at these moments would he sally from his closet, and break the repose of genius by an interval of gaiety and pleasure. Those intervals were perhaps too long. The world however saw such of his hours only, as were devoted to public amusements, or the society of the fair; they did not retire with him to the solitude of his chamber; nor pursue him through the painful labyrinths of research. It was therefore no difficult task to persuade them, that the leisure which they witnessed far outweighed the studiousness which escaped their view, and they did not hesitate to pronounce Alberto a *man of pleasure!*

To say that he had not a relish for pleasures, would be doing him injustice; and it is but right to say, that he never descended to their grossness. Though they might have *injured*, they never *degraded* him. Possessing that refinement which is inseparable from an union of genius with taste; he transfused through all his modes of enjoyment a delicacy from which he never deviated and a disgust which never led him to the pleasures of the licentious. And *still* there were not wanting persons, and *friends* (Oh shameful truth!) who took a pleasure in encircling the actions of Alberto with a fictitious infamy. And *still* the world would listen to the specious tale; for they were pronouncing sentence on one who had already refused a slavery to their opinions.

The robber who makes plunder a profession, and subsists on the spoils of his prowess, is suspended from the gallows, or exiled the society he has offended. The assassin who aims the midnight blow to gratify revenge, is execrated as a wretch unworthy of existence, and forfeits it in the prospect of eternal infamy. What then does *he* deserve who robs without the expectation of spoil, who assassinates without the motive of resentment? Oh the degeneracy of manners! Oh the infamy of the times! Whither thou betraying spirit wilt thou lead thy votaries? Whither banish all those bland interchanges of heart, which live only in the sphere of unsuspecting confidence; and live to render life supportable?

But Alberto was not to be intimidated by such injustice, for nature had endowed him with fortitude. A constitutional preference of the sublime in sentiment, led him to the cultivation of a character superior to the pre-

judices of the vulgar, or the hollow pretences of the *Pharisee*. While he pitied, he despised those groveling spirits who stoop to hypocrisy, to secure applause, and whose lives are a forgery on the awards of merit. Holding in the highest veneration, the religious and moral institutions of society, his proudest aim was to overlook its *prejudices*. To the tribunal of his conscience he paid the highest homage, for he considered it the tribunal of his God. He saw there an authority antecedent to the prejudices of the many; an appeal superior to mistaken fame. Generous youth! well might'st thou arm all the majesty of thy virtues; for rude indeed is the destiny which they are doomed to encounter.

———It is now sixteen years, since I last saw Alberto. Alas! while I am writing these lines, his generous spirit may be sinking under accumulated wrongs, and his last sigh may be ascending to the memory of his youth. Our parting was severe indeed. It seemed as if he took away with him, all that could give interest to vicissitude—all that could impart to society its relish, or endear to me the moments of seclusion. I always trembled for him—for he possessed a candor which rendered him unfit for the world—I always loved him—for he had a heart which seemed already prepared for heaven. It was ever my sweetest consolation to think, that we had been placed within the reach of one another; that our lives might prove a succession of intermingled sympathy; and that we might step into the grave together. But heaven ordained it otherwise. The cruelty of an uncle on whom Alberto became dependant at the death of his grandmother, tore him from me. Our parting was severe indeed. But mine was not the only bosom, which his image inhabited. Eliza saw at once his wrongs and his virtues in spite of the calumny which to justify the *former*, would have depressed and shrouded the *latter*. Eliza was young, tender and beautiful.

———Like the flow'r,
That decks the margin of some quiet stream—
Beneath the shelt'ring elm's contiguous shade
Secure; and from its tributary wave
Reflected; quiv'ring to the lightest breeze—

Ill-fated Alberto! why was Eliza doomed to add another to the pangs of thy departure? Little did'st thou dream of the anguish that awaited thee, when I have heard thee exclaim in all the fervors of thy genius—"Oh Eliza! how do I tremble for thy mild—thy unsuspecting nature! Blending the simplicity of the infant with the intelligence of an angel; should thy gentle virtues be torn from the sphere they are meant to beautify—but banished be the distracting thought! rather let me paint thee, beautiful as thou art—beautiful and *happy*. Thine eye beaming only with the tear of transport—thy bosom swelling only with the sigh of sensibility. Yes

divine enthusiast! I will plant thee a tender tenant of the vale, beneath the shade of some protecting willow. A stream, pure as that which emanates from the throne of heaven shall lave thy feet—the music of creation shall encircle thee, and the gentlest zephyr of the dawn shall fan the dew from thy bosom!"

And she *is* happy. Weep not Alberto! wherever thou art—if the persecutions of mankind has left thee a tear to shed—shed it not! Thy Eliza is happy—I followed her to her long home—Alberto thou wert not forgotten ———————————

R.

The American Stage.

Imitatio vitæ, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis.....Cicero.
The Imitation of Life...the Mirror of Manners...the Transcript of Truth.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

"'Tis with our judgments, as our watches....none
"Go just alike....but each believes his own."

Monday evening, Feb. 10. *For 2d time.* The MOUNTAINEERS (Colman, jun.) with MY GRANDMOTHER (Prince Hoare.)

Of the performance of the *Mountaineers* we shall say but little, because little good can be said. We would recommend to Mr. YOUNG, should he again repeat *Octavian,* to be more merciful to the *text* of the author; and by all means to substitute when he takes the miniature from his bosom, *"out bawble!—let me kiss thee,"* for *"out Floranthe!—let me kiss thee."* He completely spoilt the fine scene with *Roque* by indiscriminate *rant*—and instead of uttering the conclusion of the sentence,

"And lay me down heart broken by her shrouded corse—kiss her cold cheek—then fly to her in heaven!"

in the soft and melting tone of *grief,* he pronounces it in a manner, which truly *"out herods Herod."*

The excellent afterpiece of *My Grandmother,* will bear frequent repetition. The scene of the portrait, seemed the effect of enchantment. Mrs. JONES' Florella, was a fine representation—and one song, in the first act, was enthusiastically applauded. Messrs. MARTIN, TYLER, JOHNSON, and BAILEY, severally acquitted themselves to general satisfaction.

Wednesday evening, Feb. 12. 2d time, GEORGE BARNEWELL, (Lillo) FARM HOUSE, 2d time (I. P. Kemble.)

The author of the WANDERER having, with the advice of his friends, withdrawn that play, first advertised for his benefit this evening, the Du-

ENNA was substituted in its stead: but the illness of Mr. MARTIN, who supported a principal part, induced a second alteration, to the tragedy of *George Barnewell.* We were not present the first of the evening, and therefore can give no opinion of the performance of the play. The FARM HOUSE was repeated, and but for some little deficiencies in *stage effect,* (such as the *lady's* being killed by the *flash* of the *pistol,* and the grove of the duel, being by a mistake of the scene shifters transformed into a chamber) would have been an entertaining afterpiece. YOUNG played extremely well: Mr. JOHNSON, was excellent: Mrs. VILLIERS performed very well, and *it is unnecessary to observe* that Mrs. JONES displayed all that *delicate vivacity,* which is ever attendant upon her performance.

Friday evening, Feb. 14. SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL (Sheridan.) NO SONG NO SUPPER.

The play received its support from the excellent *Sir Peter Teazle* of Mr. JOHNSON, and still more from the personation of *Lady Teazle,* by Mrs. JOHNSON. The afterpiece depended as usual on Mrs. JONES, who played *Margaretta* with characterisric archness and spirit. Her *"With lowly suit—and plaintive ditty,"* was sung with much sweetness. BARRET, in *Robin,* omitted two excellent songs of the author, and very absurdly substituted the HOBBIES....The object is well understood...the last is what is termed a *clap trap.*

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

The orphan daughters of Mr. Hodgkinson, have had a benefit at Philadelphia, which yielded them upwards of seven hundred dollars. The children assisted at the performances.

Mr. POWELL has become lessee of the *Boston Theatre,* for a term of three years.

We observe that a bill is now pending before the *Massachusetts* legislature, *for the suppression of Theatrical amusements in that state!* this is somewhat like a revival of *"blue laws."*

Mr. BERNARD, thecomedian, leaves Boston in the spring, in order, it is said, to bring the celebrated Mr. HOLMAN, across the Atlantic.

Mr. BATES, made his first appearance in Charleston, in *Sir Peter Teazle,* and appears to be a great favourite there.

A number of new plays, including Mrs. Inchbald's *"To Marry, or Not to Marry."* Colman's *"Who wants a Guinea,"* Tobin's *"Honey Moon,"* &c. have been got up with great success in Boston.

"Cinderilla; or, *the Little Glass Slipper,"* founded on a well known *Fairy Tale,* has been represented with the greatest applause in Philadelphia, where the theatrical season has, we understand, been unusually successful.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Polyanthos.

WE have been favoured with the two first numbers of this entertaining work, which is published monthly, at Boston, by Mr. JOHN T. BUCKINGHAM. It is intended to comprehend "whatever has a tendency to amend and humanize the heart, inform the understanding, correct the judgment, or awaken the attention to the pursuit of *knowledge*." Each number of the *Polyanthos* is to contain a striking likeness of some distinguished AMERICAN. Subscriptions will be taken at the office of the MIRROR, No. 2 Wall street.—The terms are one dollar for every four numbers, payable in advance.

The Fly.

Subscriptions for this paper, devoted to the improvement of *youth*, and published weekly in Boston, are received at this office. Terms, one dollar per annum—one half in advance.

Poetry.

[*The following which was to have been spoken by Mrs. Jones on Wednesday evening last, was written by the editor, who now begs leave to present it to his readers, with every apology which* youth *and* inexperience *can furnish.*]

EPILOGUE FOR THE WANDERER.

SO then! methinks we'll leave without repining,
This sobbing, monkish, methodistic whining;
One serious part (at least if they will *teaze* one)
Is *quantum sufficit*, for half the season.—

Oh dear! I scarce can force a smile to ask
How you approve our author's infant task?
If to his WANDERER a home you'l give,
And bid the trembling hope of genius live?—
'Pshaw! (cries old *ten per cent.*) don't talk to *me*,
'Of *trembling genius*—hope—and———(*hesitating*)
'All stuff, and nonsense!—if the *cash* be rare
'What genius is thy boasted lot?———*despair*!—

'Tho' his bold flight reach worlds at ev'ry bound—
'Its *end*—what is it?——"*two pence in the pound!*"
'The silly wight is left at last to curse
'His *learned noddle*, with an *empty purse*!
'Give *me* your plodding man of *common sense*
'Whose wiser study is to *soar at pence;*
'Who thinks no style like *invoice* half so terse is—
'And *contra credit, worth a ton of verses*!
'If wits *will* write—why let them write and starve—
'For *me*—thank Heaven I have my goose to carve,
'And cellar furnish'd to my heart's desire;
'What more can any *man, or beast require?*
'Thus said, he takes his quid—looks wise—and—stirs the fire.'

From judges such as *these*—we gladly turn
To eyes that sparkle—and to hearts that burn:
That conscious kindle at COLUMBIA'S name,
Proud of their country's *letters*, as her *fame*!
That rear th' *exotic* if the flow'r be fair,
But nurse the *native plant* with tenfold care;—
Rest on its tendrils like the dew of dawn,
And bid it bloom, to cheer its parent lawn.
A devious WAND'RER gladly turns to you—
To *ask indulgence;—not to claim a due;*
And oh believe her!—she would rather roam
O'er any wilds....however far from home,
Than fail to plead in modest merits cause....
Than *meet* your *frowns*,—or *loose* your *kind applause*.

We are happy in being enabled to announce the *re-engagement* of Mrs. JONES, for the next season. The management of the theatre, is to remain in the hands of Messrs. TYLER and JOHNSON, who, we understand, contemplate some considerable repairs in the house, and have in view a voyage across the Atlantic, to procure a fresh recruit of performers. These circumstances induce us to believe that our stage will shortly stand unrivalled in America. COOPER is expected here in a few days.

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